

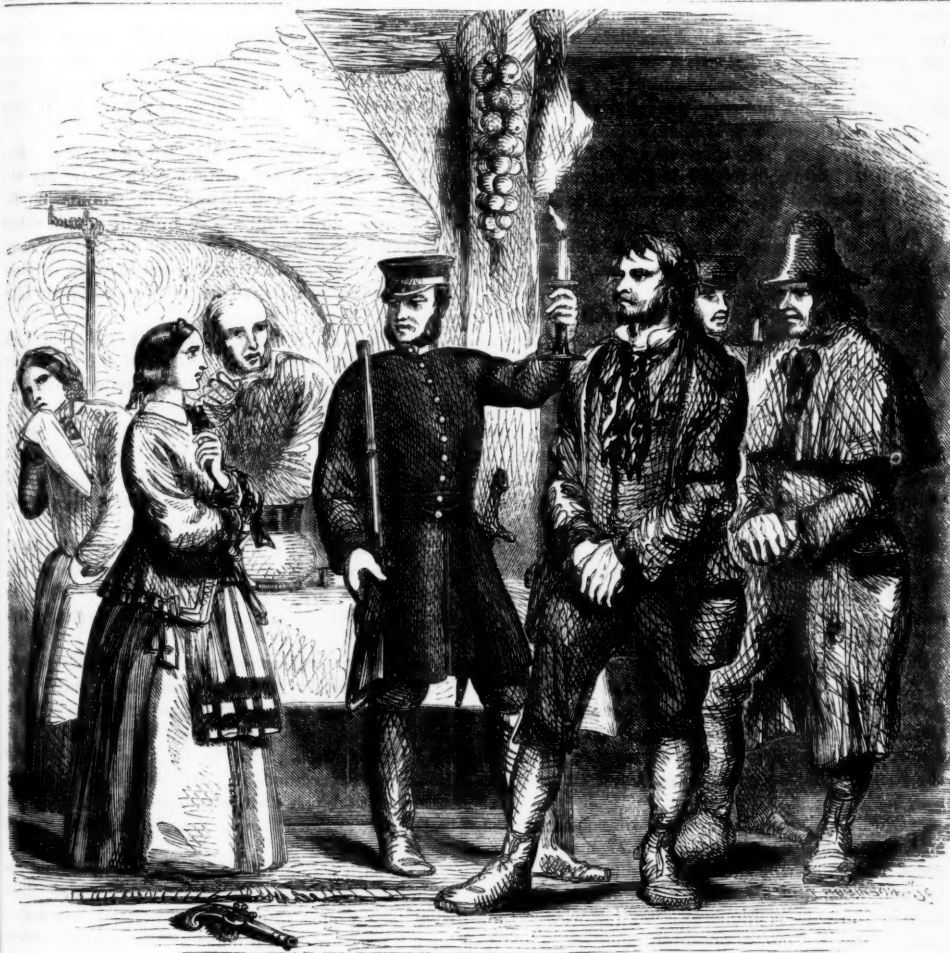
THE LEISURE HOUR

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THE ATTEMPT TO IDENTIFY THE PRISONERS.

GOLDEN HILLS; OR, SINGLE INFLUENCE:

A TALE OF RIBANDISM AND THE IRISH FAMINE.

CHAPTER XV.—THE DARK VISITORS.

LINA felt faint, and instinctively caught the table to steady herself. For a few minutes there was a confusion of noise in her ears, and a dizzy whirling before her eyes. Her next clear sight beheld William borne down to the ground by one of the

armed men, who held a pistol to his forehead. Suddenly energized beyond her natural strength, she sprang forward with a wild entreaty, and grasped the weapon so forcibly as to raise it off. The muzzle left a round red mark on her brother's forehead.

"We'll do him no harm, Miss," said the man, whose knee was on his breast—"no harm, if he's quiet. We only want Kingston's guns, an' them

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we'll have, or somebody's life, whoever dare hinder us! And so, my young gentleman, you'd better keep mighty aisy, or you'll feel a cowl'd bullet where 'tis asier put than took away agin!" Lina shuddered. "Here! don't be frightenin' the lady, but give us yer word ye'll be quiet, an' that will do."

"Oh, do promise them, dear William, I implore of you; you can do nothing against so many." She turned to the men, wringing her hands involuntarily, while her heart palpitated with fear. "He will not give you any trouble—I know he will not," she said.

But, by a sudden effort, William regained his feet, and almost disarmed the man bending over him. In a minute the sinewy athlete flung aside the youth's hand, dislocated at the wrist by a violent wrench. "You wouldn't be quiet till I hurt ye," he said, noticing the irrepressible spasm of pain which crossed William's face. "Marsh-mallows poultice 'ill reduce the swellin' of that, an' ye'll be less headstrong in the future. Boys"—to his companions—"it's time we did our business; come along."

"Oh! if papa was at home," exclaimed Frank, whose heart burned with indignation, "you would not dare to do this."

"Ho!" said the leader, turning full upon him, "the cockerel is crowing early. Maybe ye'd like to shoot me, little chap?"

"And I know who you are, for all your black face," said Frank, desperately.

The look of the other changed to savageness. "If I thought you did," he muttered through his clenched teeth, while his fingers pressed on the pistol till they were white, "I'd make you hould yer tongue for ever!"

The boy recoiled. "Frank, Frank," besought Lina, in much alarm—"hush: are you mad?"

The Ribandman turned to the door with a scowl.

"Come along; we're losin' time; d'ye want the Peelers to be up to us?"

As soon as the armed men had passed through to the hall, little Rose began to scream violently; terror had kept her nerves tense in their presence, but now shriek after shriek rang through the room. The poor child could not control herself.

"Oh, Rosie," said Lina, "you will rouse mamma, and then what should we do? If mamma sees those men she will die with fright. Dear Rosie, try and keep quiet." The little girl buried her face in the sofa cushions to stifle her cries. Lina poured water from a decanter, and gave her to drink, and wet her temples with it. Gradually the coolness restored her.

"Lina, do you think they will kill us all?" she asked, sitting up with a very miserable countenance, but her dilated eyes less wild.

"No, darling, I feel sure God will preserve us. They only want papa's fire-arms. You need not be so terrified. Let you and Frankie go into the drawing-room, where they will not be likely to come. And keep Frankie there," she added in a lower tone. The boy was leaning his head against

the mantel-piece, and here broke into a passionate fit of crying.

"Oh, Lina, if I was a man, they would not dare do it? I'm only a little boy! I've no strength at all! I wish—I wish I were a man!"

Rose almost forgot her own terror in soothing him: she brought him into the drawing-room at last, and shut the door. Lina then rushed up-stairs to see whether her mother had awaked. To her inexpressible relief, Mrs. Brooke was there, and had succeeded in calming her to sleep again, when momentarily roused by Rosie's scream. All sounds had been dulled to her ear by the double folding-doors of the passage. She slept tranquilly and deeply.

"Oh, Mrs. Brooke, it would kill mamma to see those dreadful men!" whispered the girl's white lips, as she looked at that delicate face, with its pale nervous outline. "What shall we do, if they come up here?"

"I do not know," said Mrs. Brooke, truly. "But perhaps they may be content with searching the lower rooms." Both listened in trepidation for the sounds down-stairs. A hum of rough voices and footsteps, distant noises as of altercation, came to their preternaturally sharpened hearing. "Dear Mrs. Brooke, what shall we do?" asked poor Lina again.

"My child! we can pray to God;" and Lina almost instantly felt the tension of her heart relieved by reference to that Power which held the will of even these lawless men controlled. Mrs. Brooke uttered an audible petition for the special care of the heavenly Father. How heartfelt it was! Ah, there is nothing like a moment of danger for rousing the human soul to a sense of utter dependence upon the strength of God.

"Mrs. Brooke, I must go and see William—I must see what they are doing to William. Oh, Mrs. Brooke, pray—pray more to God!" Her own soul full of agonized entreaty, she hurried down-stairs.

There were voices of men in the dining-room. They had been to the office, and the revolver rifle, on which they had counted as a chief prey, not being in its usual place, they forced William on his knees, with a pistol to his head, and tried to make him swear about it. He said, calmly enough: "I have told you that my father took it with him to Dublin; and I will not swear." His indomitable eyes daunted them.

"I s'pose we may as well b'lieve him widout the oath, boys," said the man who seemed leader. Then they broke open drawers and presses, seeming to have a pleasure in the noise of the crashing wood-work. The iron safe was not thus to be managed; they found the keys in William's pockets, and ransacked through bundles of bank notes and parchments, not touching the money. A pair of horse-pistols, and an old yeomanry sword—worn by a grandfather of Mr. Kingston at the time of the Volunteers in 1782—were all the weapons they could find; in the kitchen a rusty musket hung over the fireplace. The terrified women-servants had escaped by a back-staircase to the garrets.

Lina could see through a chink of the dining-

room door that the men were now eating and drinking; William stood by with his right hand in his trouser pocket, quietly looking on. Rude jokes were exchanged as they helped one another from the dishes, and obliged the quivering butler to hand round the plates. He obeyed, with a failing in his limbs for fear.

"Come, no more child's play," said the rough voice of the leader: "we're not safe yet, boys. That window cut me, an' it won't stop bleeding," he added, sopping his hands in the tablecloth. Lina stole back to the upper corridor, as they came out of the dining-room and tramped up stairs. Oh, if the noise should wake her mother! She went down to the gang on the lobby.

"My mother is ill, and the sight of you would greatly frighten her," she said, forcing voice from her thickly-beating heart. "She is asleep up-stairs, and if you would not——"

A crackling laugh from him who had dislocated William's wrist. "Not so aisy come over as all that, Miss! Every room in this house we must search, for that's our ordners."

"But, if you could come alone," pleaded Lina, "I will show you every room, and perhaps you would not waken her."

"Hum! I don't care," he said, after a minute's pause. "Stay where ye are, boys, till I come back. My eyes are worth four pair of yers, any day. Come along, my young gentleman. An' I can tell ye, at the same time, though I don't believe ye have a thrap, for yer looks is too honest for that; but, if it was a thing that ye had—I'd make no more ov shootin' the whole of yees, than I would of smoderin' a half-dozen wasps."

Just within the folding-doors of the corridor was the darkened room where Mrs. Kingston lay, happily still unconscious. Lina could not take her eyes from her mother's countenance while the masked man searched the room. His black face peered into wardrobes and drawers. Once the sleeper breathed a long sigh and changed her posture slightly.

"She's sickly-lookin' enough: ye're all a pack of schamers, an' ye hid the guns. I'm a fool to be heedin' ye," he said, when he went into the passage again. He indemnified himself by stabbing the beds in the next room, with a long knife which he carried.

"No luck, boys, except this ould rattle-thrap;" and he flung among them a rusty pistol of Frank's, which had a broken lock: the boy had polished it as well as he could, and believed his room made warlike by its presence on the dressing-table.

"Never mind, we'll call some day that himself's at home, an' ye may give him Captain Moonlight's compliments, that 'tisn't for nothin' we'll come then!"

At last the long terrible hour was over. They were gone. Frank came out of the drawing-room with greater indignation than ever, though now he was tearless, and contemplated the damage done. The window-frame had been utterly shattered; fragments of glass lay about in all directions, and the carpet had spots of a crimson deeper than its own. William said little; with his left hand he

helped to put up the shutters over the broken sash; the right pained him sharply. But he did not speak of it; he held complaints unmanly, where it was possible to refrain from them, and he had a fund of endurance in his nature. The nearest medical man was miles away. William walked down to the cottages on the beach, where lived one or two old people, skilled in a primitive sort of surgery. Old Martin Brennan, a fisherman, ancestor of half the hamlet, replaced the luxated bone with difficulty, because of the swelling that had already set in, and bathed it profusely in cold water.

"This ought to be powerin' on it, now, till ye go to bed, Masther Willum," he said. "The water is the finest thing ever was put to a hurt—keeps it cool, an' aisy, an' comfortable, if 'twas ever so angry in itself. Half the docthors might shut shop, if people knew the health an' strenth that's in cowl'd water."

"An' is it givin' me money ye'd be afther? Arrah, put up yer purse, now. Martin Brennan wud do as much for any stone-breaker be the road-side, or for the Lord Leftenant himself, without fee or reward. I'm surprised at ye for thinkin' of it, Masther Willum, that I knew since ye wor a baby." The old man fairly turned his back upon him, and lit his pipe at the coals. "Go home wid ye now, keep yer arrum quiet, and give it plenty of the cowl'd water."

Martin settled his long person in a straw chair on the hearth-stone, and puffed enjoyably. "You'll have no objection to a present of tobacco, at all events?" asked his patient. Where to he nodded: such recognition of his services Martin loved. His chief pleasure was to smoke himself into Moslem impassibility, at all convenient times and seasons. He sat motionless, inhaling the narcotic, till the only light in the room was a dull glow in the bowl of his pipe, and on the hearth-stone; red sunset had faded over the low sea without, and the common glory of stars gathered in the sky.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONSEQUENTS.

NEXT afternoon, the old fisherman put on his best pilot coat, and strolled up to Golden Hills. He was somewhat piqued to learn that young Mr. Kingston had gone to Castlebay to see the surgeon about his dislocated wrist. "Deed an' he might have thrusted to my ould expyrience, that's mendin' bones these twenty year," he observed, seating himself in the broad chimney corner, and drawing out his pipe. He was mentally consoled by the reflection that William's fee of best cavendish would probably result from his journey.

"The missus 'll let me smoke—she always does—if you shut the door, Mary;" and while chopping his tobacco, he made many inquiries for the well-being of the family, and heard cook's description of the visit of the armed party. Now, from the moment of their entrance, the worthy woman had been telling her beads in a garret.

"An' Miss Liney looks like a ghost this day, afther the fright; still, she tached her scholars just as usual."

"'Tisn't a thrifle wud put her from doin' anythin'."

that's good," observed the housemaid. Cook snorted; she did not approve of Bible lessons.

Martin sat gossiping till the dusk was drawing on. Cook was quilling a fresh cap in the window-light, when some persons passing by obscured it. She rose with an exclamation, letting fall her thread and laces on the bricked floor. She had seen policemen with prisoners. They entered by the back-door, travel-stained, and their feet marked with bog. The frieze-coated men's hands were clasped under their sleeves.

"I want to see the young lady," said Constable Nolan, when she had courteously saluted the maids, and bent a keen look on Martin in the recess, who turned chill as he saw the prisoners; he knew them well.

"Ask her to come here; I won't detain her many minutes."

"Oh, Miss Liney," said cook, in a great fright, when she found her working in her mother's room, and had called her into another, "there's the constable below with prisoners, an' he wants us to identify them; an' don't do it, Miss Liney achora, or we'll all be killed some night; don't pretend to know them."

Lina had grown very pale. "We must speak the truth, Mary," she said, "in any case." With a beating heart she went down to them. Cook was in grievous fear. Handcuffed as the men were, she dared not meet their eyes fully, but stayed vacillating in the passage, going in and out of the pantry, according as curiosity or fear got the upper hand in her mind.

"Here be two fellers, ma'am, we caught to-day at Lissard Point; I'm thinking maybe they're some of the gang that paid you a visit yestherday: an' the more, as they had this we'pon of Mr. Kingston's in their possession." He produced Frank's rusty pistol. "It has the masher's letters on it." R. B. K. was graven on the handle. "You know that, ma'am?"

"Yes; it was taken from the house yesterday." Her eye met a glance from the foremost prisoner—a defiant glance, nearly related to a threat. Strange to say, she was rather nerved than frightened by it.

"Now, ma'am," said the constable. He had lighted a candle, and held it full in the face of the chief prisoner, who blinked his eyes, as was natural, before the sudden light. "We'll give ye a minute to recover yer weak sight," said the policeman, with an unsympathizing smile. "Now, ma'am, his eyes are open; look at him."

It required some little courage; but Lina scanned quietly the bold reckless eyes and massive Celtic features, and said: "I never saw that man before, to the best of my knowledge."

The constable seemed disappointed, and the prisoner relieved. Neither could she identify the other man.

"They were disguised, I think with crape, but certainly the man who went to the upper rooms with Mr. William was about his height."

"Nelly Fisher," called the constable to the housemaid, "you had a good view of the black boys last evening: come and see can you identify these."

Nelly covered her face with her hands. "I

donno nothin' at all about it," she asseverated; "I never seen either of thim before; I wouldn't look at 'em for a five-pound note out of yer hand." Nor could any persuasions alter her determination. "I won't look at 'em if you stood there till next week," she said, throwing her apron over her head.

"Well, we must see what young Mither Kingston himself will say," concluded Nolan. "March, boys. Maybe ye'd like a man left to guard the house, Miss?"

Thinking that Mrs. Kingston might have a sense of security from it, Lina accepted his offer; and Golden Hills was not without a police sentinel the whole summer thereafter.

William and Frank were able to identify one of the men, who was committed for trial.

"I get weary of this," the former said to Lina, as they sat in the study next day. "Wrestling with the riband conspiracy is like contending with the hydra. I hate these prosecutions and condemnations; yet the law must assert itself—must prove that it is strongest."

"I wish papa would live in Dublin for a year," said Lina, "till the country is more quiet."

"He never would; he has such a firm idea of staying at the post of duty under all circumstances. Of course, to go away would be cowardly," said William, standing up and straightening his tall figure. "If I were a magistrate, I would not rest till I had extirpated this vile system, root and branch," he added, hotly. "I can't imagine what all the justices in the county are about, to allow a set of lawless marauders to roam at their free will, robbing and murdering."

"It is really dreadful," said Lina, sadly. "I can't bear to look at a newspaper, for there is sure to be some dreadful tale of bloodshed in it; and they seem to increase in number monthly."

"Direct this to Alek; it is the 'Chronicle' that came to-day. I put it in my desk; I was quite afraid mamma would ask to see it."

Lina did not inquire particulars; but she knew that the "Agrarian Outrage" column must be unusually full, or unusually savage in its details. "Our unhappy country!" she said; "will it ever be like glorious England?"

Even then was the sharp scourge preparing, which should greatly purify the land.

William was helpless, and peevish in consequence; Lina wrote for him, and excused his slight crossness on the score of his suffering and discomfort. Also she had an axiom that men cannot be so patient as women; sisters have to believe this, sometimes.

A RUSSIAN WOLF-HUNT.

A DISTINGUISHED French writer, who has recently visited Russia, gives the following graphic description of a wolf-hunt—a sport necessary in that country, to keep down an animal dangerous, from its numbers, to human life.

At an advanced period of winter, when the wolves become ferocious for want of food, three or four hunters, each possessed of a light double-barrelled

gun, take their places in what is called a troika—a species of drosky—drawn by three horses, from which, and not from its shape, it gets its name. The horse in the middle is trained to run at a trot, and the other two (on its right and left) never quit the gallop. The former trots with his head low, and is called the Snow-eater; the other two prance with their heads loose, and are named the Furies. The whole equipment, thus directed in its course, presents the appearance of a fan. A driver who can be well relied on conducts the troika.

To the back of the carriage a young hog is attached by a cord, or, for more security, by a chain, between three and four feet in length. It is quietly taken in the vehicle to the entrance of the forest where the chase is to proceed; there it is put on the ground, and the driver incites the horses, which start off at a trot and gallop respectively, as we have mentioned; while the hog, little used to such an amusement, raises a cry which soon degenerates into what may be called a lamentation. At this noise the nearest wolf shows its nose, and sets itself to pursue the hog, soon followed by two, then by three, and ultimately, it may be, by fifty of its brethren. They all make a claim for the poor hog, and fight among themselves to get at it; some of them stretching out to it a blow of their claws, and others endeavouring to bite it. The lamentations of the poor animal pass into cries of despair, which arouse the wolves in the deepest recesses of the forest; they presently congregate from three leagues round, and the troika is pursued by a whole troop of them.

Then it is that the urgent need of a good driver is apparent. The horses, which have an instinctive horror for the wolves, become intractable; the trotter in the middle tries to gallop, and the gallopers to get the bit between their teeth. During all this time the hunters fire at random, there being no need to take aim. The hog cries, the horses neigh, the wolves howl, and the guns fire, producing a hideous concert among them. The equipage, the hunters, the hog, the troop of wolves, are involved in a whirlwind which scatters the snow all around, and looks like a cloud in a storm darting thunder and lightning.

If the driver is master of the horses, wild as they may be, all goes well; but should he lose command of them, or should the harness slip, or the troika be overset, it is all over. Next day, two days, or eight days after, the *débris* of the vehicle is discovered, with the guns, the carcasses of the horses, and the large bones of the hunters and of the driver.

Last winter Prince R—— undertook one of these hunts, and it had nearly proved his last. He was, along with two friends, at one of his estates, which borders on a wilderness, and they resolved to have a chase of the wolves, or rather, it may be said, to be chased by them. A large sledge was got ready, in which three persons could move at ease; three strong horses were yoked to it, and it was intrusted to a driver of great experience—a native of the district. Each hunter had a pair of double-barrelled guns and five hundred ball cartridges, and their places were so taken

that the prince looked to the back, and his friends each to a side of the sledge.

At night they arrived at the ground—an immense desert covered with snow. The full moon shone brightly, and its rays, refracted by the white surface, spread a light like that of day. The hog was attached, and the train started. Finding itself drawn on in spite of its efforts, it raised a cry, whereupon some wolves appeared; not many at first, timid also, and keeping at a great distance. Gradually their number increased, and they approached the hunters, who commenced by giving their troika an ordinary motion, notwithstanding the trembling impatience of the horses. About twenty wolves came up, when the party found themselves near enough to begin the massacre. Off went a shot, and a wolf fell; the whole band appeared to get alarmed, and diminished in number by about a half. In fact, contrary to the general belief that wolves do not feed on one another, seven or eight starving ones had stopped behind to devour their dead companion; but the vacancy was soon supplied. On all sides howling replied to howling, and all round were seen pointed noses and eyes sparkling like carbuncles. The animals were within gunshot, and the hunters made a running fire; but though every shot took effect, the band, so far from being diminished, rather got larger. It soon ceased to be a band, and became a troop, the close ranks of which pressed on the hunters. Their course was so rapid that they seemed to fly on the snow, and so lightly as not to make the smallest noise. Like a flowing tide, they approached unceasingly, and did not retreat before the fire of the three hunters, well kept up as it was. They formed an immense crescent at the back of the troika, the two horns of which began to get in advance of the horses, and the number increased so rapidly, that it actually seemed as if they sprung out of the ground. There was something fantastic in their appearance, and it became quite impossible to count the numbers now showing themselves in a desert where it was in general difficult to see more than two or three in a day. The hog had ceased to cry, and had been taken again into the sledge, where, its cries recommencing, redoubled the boldness of the wolves. The firing did not cease, and half the ammunition was now expended. There remained, perhaps, about two hundred balls. The two horns of the crescent got nigher and nigher, and threatened the formation of a circle, inclosing sledge, horses, and hunters.

Should any one of the horses fall, all would be over; and, already terrified, they seemed to breathe fire, and pranced most furiously and wildly.

"What think you of this, Ivan?" said the prince to his driver.

"Why, I don't much like it, prince.

"Are you afraid of anything?"

"The wolves have tasted blood, and the longer you keep firing, the more will their number increase."

"What do you advise?"

"If you will allow it, prince, I shall slacken the bridle of my horses."

"Are you sure of them?"

"I shall answer for them."

"And will you answer for us, too?"

Ivan made no reply, it being evident that he did not wish to commit himself. He slackened the bridle, directing at the same time the heads of the horses towards the prince's château; and the noble animals, feeling themselves as if loosened from the vehicle, goaded by terror, redoubled their speed. The space seemed literally to become annihilated before their desperate efforts. Ivan urged them still farther by a sharp whistle, while they at the same time described a curve, which cut off one of the corners of the horn. Happily, the wolves opened to let the horses pass, and the hunters were preparing for further operations, when the driver exclaimed, "For your lives, don't fire!" They obeyed. The wolves, perplexed by this unexpected manoeuvre, remained for a moment undecided; and during this instant the troika gained a considerable distance. When the wolves resumed the pursuit, it was too late; they could not overtake the vehicle. A quarter of an hour afterwards they were in sight of their château.

Next morning the prince visited the scene of his exploits, when he found the carcasses of more than two hundred wolves.

MISCELLANEOUS TRAITS OF JAPANESE LIFE.

DOMESTIC CHARACTER, AMUSEMENTS, LITERATURE, ETC.

THOUGH living under so deplorable a governmental system as we slightly sketched in our last paper, the people of Japan are always represented as frank in their manners, free and open in speech, and most sensitively alive on the point of honour. We should have much difficulty in believing the fact, if we had not ourselves seen precisely the same thing in the Ottoman empire. There, nearly every Turk unconnected with government may be presumed to be a frank, honest, truth-loving, honourable man; whilst every Turk at all connected with government may be, with equal safety, set down as the very reverse—as a man capable of playing the spy, or of resorting to any other iniquity or baseness; for let the most honest-minded Turk, by ambition or accident, once get involved in the governmental meshes, and at once his disposition and principles are entirely changed. With our experience of this seeming anomaly, we can give credit to the favourable reports of the character of the Japanese people.

But what chiefly induces us to adopt these reports as unexaggerated, is the condition of women—that real test of true civilization—in Japan. As we have already said, the fair sex are held there in incomparably higher esteem than in any other oriental country. It may, indeed, be safely affirmed, from all the evidence before us, that "Japanese women are subjected to no seclusion; they hold a fair station in society, and share in all the innocent recreations of their fathers and husbands. The fidelity of the wife and the purity of the maiden are committed wholly to their own sense of honour, somewhat quickened, perhaps,

and invigorated by the certainty that death would be the inevitable and immediate consequence of a detected lapse from virtue. And so well is this confidence repaid, that a faithless wife is, we are assured, a phenomenon unknown in Japan."* "The Japanese ladies," adds the late James Drummond, in corroborating the above testimony, "have a natural grace which cannot be described. Take away a few peculiarities, to which one soon gets accustomed by living among them, and they would, at their first *début*, be admired at St. James's, or in any other court in Europe."

But in manners, it is the woman makes the man. Where the gentler sex are graceful, elegant, and refined, the other sex are never found to be coarse, ungainly, or vulgar. Thus, a Japanese gentleman—truly a *gentleman* in this respect, that he has no notion of enjoyment or social entertainment without the company of ladies—is invariably described as a person of pleasing address and most polished manners. Even among the commonest people, brawlers, braggarts, loud-tongued disputants, dirty slovens, or men of coarse, repulsive habits, are very seldom met with.

Every Japanese household is presided over by the matron at its head; all domestic concerns are left entirely to her management; and amusements and entertainments form no small part of the occupations in which she is engaged.

"In the great world," says the Secretary Fischer, "the young ladies find delight, at their social meetings, in every description of fine work; the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, painting of fans, birds, and animals, pocket-books, purses, plaiting thread for the head-dress—all for the favourite use of giving presents. Such employments serve to wile away the long winter evenings. In the spring, on the other hand, they participate with eagerness in all kinds of out-door and rural amusements. Of these, the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats, which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music, they glide in these boats from noon till late at night. Their lakes and rivers are, after sunset, one blaze of illumination, as it were, with the brightly-coloured paper lanterns displayed in their vessels. They play, meanwhile, that game with the fingers which has been perpetuated from classic times in Italy, and the guests sing to the guitar. . . . All this stands out in cheerful contrast to the dull debaucheries of the men, and the childish diversions of the women, among other oriental nations." In the fine weather, junketting parties into the country are universal. The more wealthy place themselves under the direction of a professional master of the ceremonies, who amuses the company by impromptu stories, by retailing the tattle of the town, by his "quips and cranks," and by a certain degree of buffoonery. Yet, should any of the party, in the exuberance of their spirits, encroach on decorum, he immediately interposes his authority, and is implicitly obeyed.

The festivals of the Japanese are very numerous.

* Manners and Customs of the Japanese.

and some of them very delicately fantastic and imaginative. Thunburg gives the following description of one of them, called "The Feast of Lanterns:"—

"The Lantern Festival, or Feast of Lamps, is celebrated towards the end of August, and is called by the natives *Bong*. It lasts three days. It was originally instituted in memory and honour of the dead, who, the islanders believe, return annually to their kindred and friends on the first afternoon of these games, every one visiting his former house and family, where they remain till the second night, when they are to be sent away again. By way of welcoming them on their arrival, the people plant stakes of bamboo near all the tombs, upon which they hang a great number of lanterns with lights, and those so close to each other that the whole mountain appears to be illuminated: these lanterns are kept alight till nine or ten o'clock at night. On the second evening, when the spirits of the defunct are, according to their tradition, to be sent away again, they fabricate a small vessel of straw, with lights and lanterns in it, which they carry at midnight in procession, with vocal and instrumental music, to the sea-shore, where it is launched into the water, till it either catches fire and is consumed, or is swallowed up by the waves. Both of these illuminations, consisting of several thousand fires, exhibit to the eye an uncommonly grand and beautiful spectacle." Their many holidays and out-of-door pastimes do not, however, hinder the Japanese from cultivating very assiduously in-door recreations and amusements.

Never did English dame or dowager, in the days of our good old great-grandmothers, or in those of the "Tatler" and "Spectator," rejoice more in her tea parties and their concomitants, than do the ladies of Jeddo and Miako at the present day. It is at these parties that they display their newest dresses, and discuss the latest bit of fashionable news. At a very grand party the cups and bowls, and all the utensils or implements employed, must be ornamented and of high price. Here the matron takes that pride in showing her lacquered ware which our grandmothers used to feel in exhibiting their rare and costly china. The silken napkins, the little stools, the trays, must all be of the very finest qualities.

In a morning call, pipes and tea are as invariably brought in at Jeddo as pipes and coffee at Constantinople. At the conclusion of such call, sweetmeats or other dainties, to be eaten with chop-sticks, are served up on a sheet of paper, sometimes purely white, and sometimes ornamented with tinsel or bright colours. "Pocketing" is not a vulgarity, but a duty strictly imposed by etiquette. If the visitor cannot eat all the dainties, he must fold up the remainder in a piece of paper, and deposit them in his wide sleeve, which serves as his pocket. At grand dinners, each guest is expected to take with him a servant or two, to carry off in baskets the remnant of the banquet. We are not told whether, at these social meetings, the ladies smoke as well as the gentlemen, but we are afraid they do.

None but personages of high hereditary rank dare presume to give a feast of the first order. A wealthy merchant must on no account entertain his friends like a lord or prince. It is, however, believed that when a rich trader can conciliate all the spies that are watching over him—by making them partakers of the banquet—he sometimes ventures to give, *sub rosa*, as grand a feast as any of his betters. In these feasts sackee (an intoxicating liquor) is copiously drunk. The Japanese men are, from all accounts, much given to incontinence and drunkenness.

The social manners of the Japanese are far from being so commendable as their domestic manners appear to be. Their addiction to suicide, on the slightest occasions, is its most atrocious feature; their sense of honour is barbarous; and their thirst for revenge, on trivial provocations, is generally only appeasable by death.

Generally, the natives of Japan seem to merit the praise of being a cleanly people. All classes of them make very frequent use of the bath, and are scrupulous as to partial ablutions at certain fixed periods of the day. This alone does not insure cleanliness. The Turks bathe (or rather stew themselves) as often as the Japanese; but the Turk puts on foul unchanging clothes over a clean skin, and has generally a house encumbered with filth, and swarming with bugs, fleas, and other intolerable vermin: the Japanese, however, contrives usually to put clean clothes over his clean skin, and to be neat and tidy at home. To every house of any pretension to respectability, there is attached an apartment called a "Fro," which is fitted up with vapour-baths, and with warm and cold baths. One or the other of these the inmates use every morning and evening. The loose nature of their costume renders the operations of undressing and dressing very quick and easy. Unfasten the girdle that encircles the waist, and the whole of the simple habiliments drop at once to the ground. It is mainly to this practice of constant bathing that Siebold attributes the generally robust health and longevity of the people of this empire.

It is also a most noticeable fact, and a most honourable distinction to this people, that, from the highest down to the very lowest, every Japanese youth is sent to school. It is said that there are more schools in Japan than in any other country in the world, and that all the peasants and poor people can at least read. The minds of the women are as carefully cultivated as those of the men. Hence, in the array of the most admired poets, historians, and other authors, are found very many females.

A few words about the literature of Japan may be here properly introduced. Although, as yet, very few Europeans have acquired anything like a perfect familiarity with the Japanese tongue, it appears to be less difficult than several other oriental languages. Should friendly relations be established with the government, and a greater freedom of intercourse allowed, we no doubt shall soon have accomplished Japanese scholars among American citizens and British subjects. There are very strong incentives to the study, for the native interpreters, as Sir F. Davis has remarked, are not to be trusted

in diplomacy; and, without a knowledge of the tongue they speak, it will be found very difficult to make any progress with the people. Gutzlaff was, we believe, the first European who acquired learnedly this knowledge, though probably very imperfectly, as his translation of the Gospel of St. John into Japanese was made with the aid of a native. The Japanese dictionary of Professor Pfizmayer, now in course of printing at Vienna, will open the way to its more complete acquisition. We may here observe parenthetically, that the liberal and extraordinary efforts made by the imperial government of Austria, to promote oriental learning, are deserving of far more praise than they have hitherto obtained.

From the moment the Japanese possessed a written language, their literature seems to have advanced rapidly, and to have improved from age to age. It is evident, from the few of their books which have fallen into the hands of learned foreigners, and from the accounts left us by missionaries and other travellers, that these people possess works of all kinds—historical compositions, geographical and other scientific treatises, books on natural history, voyages and travels, dramas, romances, poems, and every component part of a very polite literature.

All are agreed, that among them reading is a favourite resource and recreation with both sexes, and that the court of the Mikado is eminently a bookish, literary court. It is said that few sights are more common in Japan, during the sunny seasons of the year, than that of a group of ladies and gentlemen seated by a cool running stream, or in a shady grove, each with a book in hand. Whatever their literature may be, it is evident that it delights them, and that it has polished their manners.

We possess, as yet, but very few fragmentary translations from the Japanese of any kind. If our space permitted, however, several of these would be found highly interesting to our readers. We cannot forbear giving one. It is from a poem, which seems to consist of religious dogmas and moral apothegms. The lines we transcribe breathe a truly religious spirit:—

“Upright in heart be thou, and pure,
So shall the blessing of God
Through eternity be upon thee;
Clamorous prayers shall not avail,
But truly a clear conscience,
That worships and prays in silence.”*

Dramas display national character better than any other species of writing. Those of the Japanese are generally founded on their history or traditions, presenting the exploits, loves, and adventures of their heroes and gods. Some of them may be called didactic, as they are designed to illustrate and enforce certain moral precepts. Their general tendency is said to be elevating, patriotic, and excellent; but they sometimes exhibit, in broad and revolting light, the unfavourable features of the native character; such as a demoniacal passion for revenge, and a fondness for witnessing punishments and tortures. M. Fischer saw, on the stage at Osacca, the representation of one of their punish-

ments by torture, which he describes as astoundingly cruel.

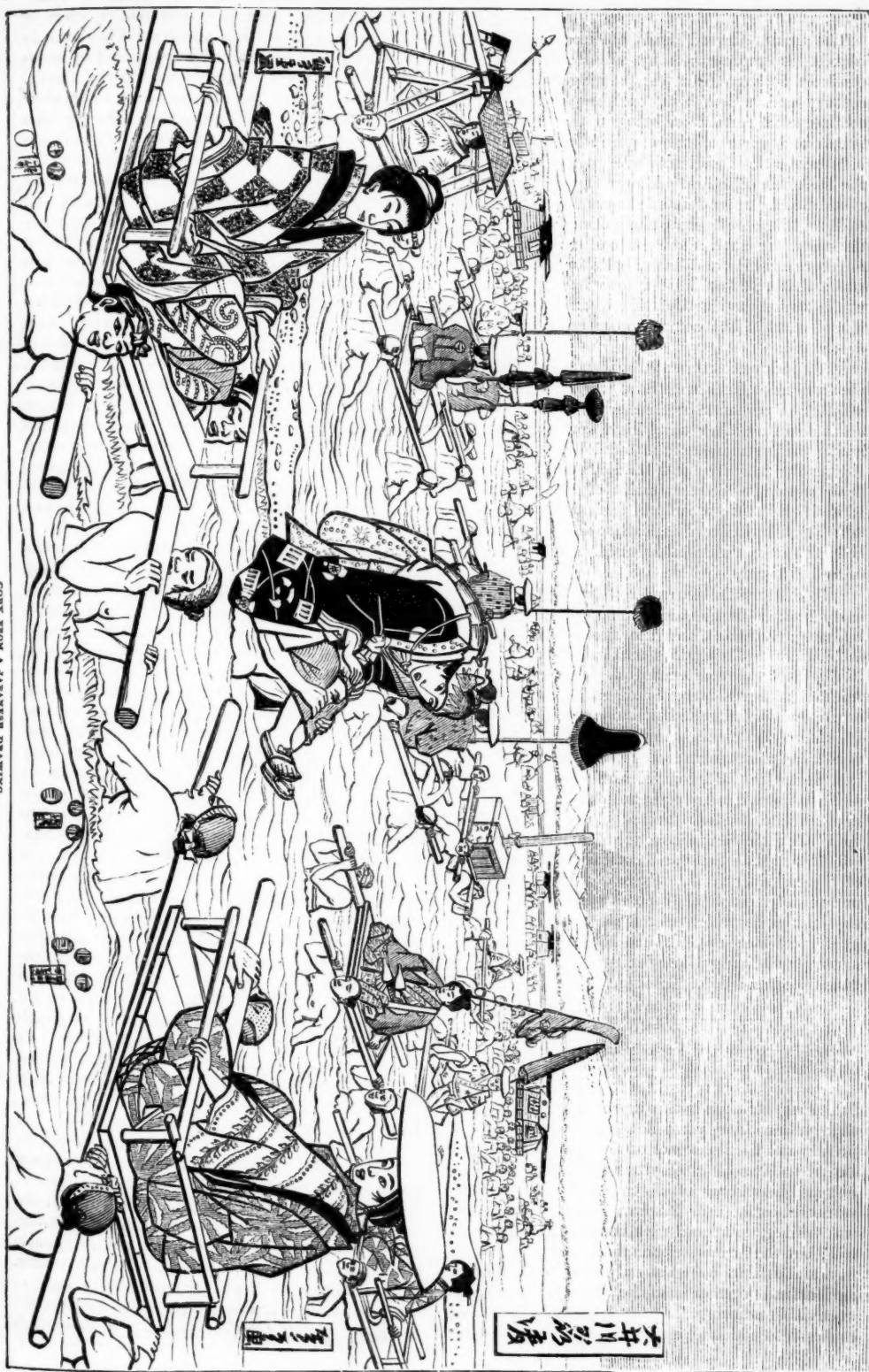
In science, the Japanese have particularly cultivated medicine, astronomy, and mathematics. In astronomy, their proficiency really appears to be very considerable. Their best astronomers are said to be well acquainted with Lalande's treatises, and other profound works, which have been translated from the Dutch. They have learned the use of most of our astronomical instruments, and have even taught Japanese artisans to imitate and reproduce them to perfection. They have excellent telescopes, chronometers, barometers, and thermometers of native workmanship; and they have learned to measure the height of mountains by the barometer. Good almanacs, including the calculation of the eclipses, are annually published by the colleges of Jeddo and Miako.

The arts of painting and design are cultivated to great excellence in Japan, though portraits there are never likenesses. The natives have a superstitious feeling against copying the human face. But their delineations of flowers, fruits, and more especially of birds, are exquisitely beautiful. There is now in the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society, New Burlington Street, a small cup, or rather saucer, which is ornamented with the figures of two cranes; and nothing more delicate in drawing, more true in colouring, and more perfect in finish than this admirable miniature can be desired. On the opposite page we present a copy of a curious Japanese painting, representing a number of persons crossing the Oho-e-wa-ga.

The island empire is excessively rich in mineral wealth—gold, silver, copper, and coal. “They have no want of coals in Japan,” says Kæmpfer, “they being dug up in great quantities, in the province of Sikuseu, and in most of the northern provinces.” Dr. Von Siebold also speaks of coal as being in common use throughout the country; and on visiting one of the mines, he saw enough to convince him that it was skillfully worked. For domestic purposes they convert the coal into coke. The Americans, under Commodore Perry, shipped some specimens of coal, of which an analysis is given in the Report of the Expedition, vol. i, p. 482. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, when trade with Japan was an open one, the export of gold and silver was annually ten millions of Dutch florins. The export was first contracted, and then, in 1690, entirely forbidden. The Report from which we have borrowed this calculation goes on to prove that, in the course of sixty years, the export of gold and silver must have amounted to the enormous value of from twenty-five to fifty millions sterling.

Agates, cornelians, jaspers, fine variegated marbles, and other precious or valuable stones, are brought down from many of the mountains of Japan. Some of the agates are uncommonly fine, of a bluish colour, and not unlike sapphires. Of diamonds we find no mention. It is rather singular that a people so keenly alive to all that is rich and beautiful, as the Japanese, should have entirely neglected the arts of the lapidary, and should hold jewels in hardly any esteem. All the precious stones of which travellers speak, appear to have

* M. Titsingh's Translations from the Japanese.



been found by them in a rough, unpolished, uncut state.

The trade, inward and outward, among the islands, is represented by all accounts as excessively active. Kæmpfer, writing more than a century and a half ago, exclaims: "How much commerce is carried on between the several provinces and parts of the empire! How busy and industrious the merchants everywhere! How full the harbours of ships! How many rich and mercantile towns up and down the country! There are such multitudes of people along the coasts, and near the seaports; such a noise of oars and sails; such numbers of ships and boats, both for use and pleasure; that one would be apt to imagine that the whole nation had settled there, and that all the inland parts of the country were quite empty and deserted."

If we judge of the general character of this people from all writers who have written about them, whether of a remote or a recent period, we cannot set it down as other than high and manly. The reader will remember the opinions delivered by Adams the mariner; and Xavier, who judged them from a totally different point of view, expresses himself still more warmly in their favour. A very late English writer, (Randall,) who had carefully collected and perused all accessible authorities, thus describes them:—

"To sum up the character of the Japanese, they carry honour to the verge of fanaticism; they are haughty, vindictive, and licentious. On the other hand, brawlers, braggarts, and backbiters are held in the most supreme contempt. The slightest infraction of truth is punished with severity; they are open-hearted and hospitable, and, as friends, faithful to death. It is represented that there is no peril a Japanese will not encounter to serve a friend; that no torture will compel him to betray a trust; and that even a stranger, who seeks aid, will be protected to the last drop of blood. The nation, with all their faults and vices, evinced qualities which won the hearts and commanded the esteem of the missionaries." Such is the country once more introduced to the "comity of nations." Now that the seals which closed its ports have, in the good providence of God, been broken, we trust that a pure and living Christianity will speedily enter in and pour a tide of blessings on the land.

THE FIRST ENGLISH LACE-WEAVER.

SIR HENRY BORLACE.

It is singular that, in this age of book-making, neither volume nor pamphlet has been written to preserve to us the events of the life of Sir Henry Borlace. Two hundred years ago, this philanthropist and benefactor of his country lived on his patrimonial estate near Marlow, Bucks. His income was trifling, compared with the length of his rent-roll; but the farmers either would not or could not pay, and at that time not only they, but the whole agricultural population of the country, had obtained unenviable notoriety for pauperism and vice. Many causes, into which we need not at present enter, had

tended to create and foster this excess of demoralization, which ended in a universal rejection of all attempts at productive industry. The demands of landlords who were pressing, were met by audacious refusals, while persons who, like Sir Henry, expressed sympathy towards those from whom their own circumstances still compelled them to seek some payment in either money or kind, were answered by details of domestic afflictions, or by having sternly exposed to their startled view the previously half-concealed meshes of poverty and guilt in which the wretched speakers were hopelessly entangled. The landed gentry perceived that a crisis was at hand; but, not knowing how to meet it, many of them withdrew into the towns. Sir Henry went from one proprietor to another, and from them to the people, endeavouring to bring into action the elements of reason, and justice, and truth. His success was not great. He found the landlords ready to admit the violence, the recklessness, the insubordination of their tenantry, but not ready to take any active part in their behalf, though in doing so they would have used the only check which could arrest their own downward progress. The people he found full of evil deeds, and yet with manly English hearts, on which poverty lay like a horrible incubus.

After some negotiation, carried on principally through him, public meetings were proposed. Much was hoped for from them, but they led to no useful result. Many were the conferences held; some of them were rather stormy; and at length one broke up with wild and terrible violence, lives being lost on both sides. It was an awful commentary on the absurdity of bringing into collision the moral and physical strength of the county—the men of wealth and culture, with the men requiring food, needing restraint, incapable of trust. Sir Henry felt this, and perceived that a period critical for the interest, not only of Buckinghamshire, but of the whole country, had arrived. He resolved not to be instrumental in calling any further meetings, but alone to labour for the wretched men who, in the madness of their ignorance and debasement, had offered resistance to law and order. He determined also to persevere in his labour of love for them, until he had accomplished some practical means of social improvement and individual happiness. Many and weary, however, were the days and weeks which rolled by before he could see his way to any hopeful plan of usefulness. At length an idea presented itself suddenly to his mind. He is described as being at the time with his head bent over some statistical returns, and computing the difference between the number of labourers—supposing all, whose duty it was, did labour—and the number of those who depended on those labourers for the necessities of life, when, suddenly starting up, he exclaimed: "I thank Heaven! I have found what I sought. The poverty, the misery, the crimes, the constant state of agitation and excitement of our peasantry, are not attributable to misrule, nor heavy taxation, nor unfair dealing, nor an oppressive feudal system, but simply to the absence of productive employment for females." It was a singularly plain solution of a case which

was at the time taxing the wisdom of the legislature, and its worth has since been proven by its wondrous results—the influence which it has exercised on the condition not only of the county, but of the whole empire.

A day or two elapsed, and then he left his fine old paternal mansion with little more than a few coins in his pocket, and with his wallet literally slung from a stick over his shoulders. How he contrived to reach Holland, (which was the place of his destination,) or how to live there for two years, we are unable to narrate; all that is fully known is, that the manufacture of lace occurred to him as an employment in every way suited to the circumstances of the people of Buckinghamshire; requiring but little time to obtain a knowledge of, but little capital to commence with, and having an established home market, inasmuch as thousands of pounds were sent annually out of England to purchase the lace fabrics of Brussels, France, and Germany.

Many years after he had returned home, he described the first check to the hopes with which he had set out, as arising from a view of the bright and beautiful homes of the Dutch peasantry. "Can such an amount of comfort," was the thought suggested by his fears, "be mainly dependent on the peaceful home employments of women and children?" Circumstances which could not be controverted answered the question. He sought and obtained a home, first in one, and then in another, of those beautiful little Dutch nests of comfort and domestic love, and found that in all, family attachments were of paramount importance in social relations; and that, as woman guided in her little domestic circle by her employments as well as by her feelings, so was she influencing, beyond the sphere of her ken, the vortex of human affairs.

After an absence of two years, Sir Henry returned to Buckinghamshire, accompanied by two lace-makers, a mother and daughter, whom he induced to settle in the village of Marlow, where he endowed a school, or factory, in which twenty-four girls were taught the trade of lace-making. It was a small beginning for the glorious results which ensued. The girls succeeded each other rapidly, and in less than sixteen years the lace-makers were no longer counted by units, but by thousands, and that not only in Buckinghamshire, but in Bedfordshire and Northampton. The change in the moral character of the people was rapid, and Sir Henry Borlace lived to see the day when the lace-makers' homes of England were as beautiful, as fresh, and as happy as the homes which had almost startled him into unbelief by their beauty in Holland. His example shows how much may be accomplished by one individual. Truly, no man liveth rightly, who liveth only to himself.

"Brussels point" was the name given to the lace then manufactured in Buckinghamshire. This is the lace which figures so beautifully in the portraits by Vandyke, and afterwards by Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller. It was made of fine flaxen thread, woven on a cushion or pillow, by wooden bobbins, and the pattern of which was afterwards worked with the needle. As years rolled by, many

improvements were effected in pillow-lace making and working, but none of any very extraordinary importance until 1800, when a new design was introduced at Honiton, in Devonshire, so delicate and beautiful as not to be exceeded by the finest specimens of Brussels lace.

Thirty years previous to the success of the Honiton lace, another new description of manufacture was invented by a poor man, whose motive to the attempt was solely a desire to amend the circumstances of his family. His name was Hammond; he was a framework-knitter, or stocking-weaver, at Nottingham. His loom was a hired one, and consequently he had but a small share of his earnings for himself. One day his wife sat near him while he worked; she held a baby to her bosom, and, as she stooped over it in all a mother's deep love, Hammond ceased his work to gaze on them both. The young mother wore a small muslin cap, which, as she bent her head, partly shaded her face from her husband and attracted his attention. A thought suddenly occurred to him that, by a modified action of his stocking-frame, he could imitate the border, and he knew that if he did so, independence was secured. He imparted the idea to his wife, and asked for the cap, that he might more particularly examine the lace. She gave it cheerfully, but not without many cautions, for she had not much hopes of his success, and she would be sorry if he spoiled her pretty cap, as she had not a second with lace borders. Hammond bid her not fear, for he was determined to succeed. "It may take some time," he said, "but I will persevere, and try again and again."

Days and weeks passed, and still he toiled on cheerfully, till his frame had assumed quite a new form, and produced neat quilling-net instead of coarse stockings. The first-fruits of his labour were bestowed on his wife, who had never once uttered a word of discouragement; but even when her own heart felt but little hope, bid him be of good courage, and "try again."

As he had anticipated, a fortune was secured to him by his invention; and not to him alone, but to all the manufacturers in Nottingham and its vicinity. Every frame-work knitter forsook the trade of stocking-making; and, by degrees, the retail shops exhibited specimens of machine-made lace, which were immeasurably cheaper than any which had ever been produced by hand, and were as beautiful as the choicest which arrived from the Continent. Hammond's machine is no longer used in England, but on the Continent it is employed in making the net called *tulle*.

After some time, a gentleman named Heathcoat constructed a new lace machine, which, from the peculiar arrangement of its parts, was called a "bobbin-frame." This was capable of being made to produce a much greater quantity of material in a given time than the stocking-loom as modified by Hammond; but, as Mr. Heathcoat took out a patent for it, and thus excluded his fellow-townsmen from the benefit of his invention, he found popular opinion so much against him, that he was obliged, by the outrages of those who called themselves "Luddites," to remove to Devon-

shire, where the "bobbin-net" (as the production of his loom was termed) attained in a short time a high degree of eminence. For fourteen years he retained the patent in his hands; it then expired, and at once a most extraordinary impulse was given to the trade. "Prosperity," writes Mr. McCulloch, "shone upon it, and numerous individuals readily embarked capital in so tempting a speculation. Prices fell, however, in proportion as production increased; but the demand was immense, and the "Nottingham lace-frame" became the organ of supply, rivalling and supplanting in plain nets the most finished productions of France and the Netherlands.

The earnings of workmen during that time were extraordinary. Dr. Ure informs us "that it was no uncommon thing for an artisan to leave his usual calling, and betaking himself to a lace-frame, of which he was the part proprietor, realize, by working upon it, 20s., 30s., or even 40s. per day. In consequence of such wonderful gains, Nottingham, Loughborough, and the adjoining villages, became the scene of an epidemic mania. Many, though nearly devoid of mechanical genius or the constructive talent, tormented themselves night and day with projects of bobbins, pushers, lockers, point-bars, and needles of every various form, till their minds got permanently bewildered. Several lost their senses altogether, and some, after cherishing visions of wealth, as in old times of alchemy, finding their schemes abortive, sank into despondency, and committed suicide;" affording fearful lessons of the danger of covetousness and hastening to be rich. "By degrees the *furor* subsided, and the bobbin-net manufacture took its place among those which are of national importance, but not pre-eminent for lucrative gains." In 1816, steam-power was made use of in its production, and caused most wonderful changes in its value, or, perhaps we should say, in the prices of the finished articles, lace being sold for eighteenpence a yard, the same for which Mr. Heathcoat received five guineas, and a similar quantity of a wider description being amply paid for by seven shillings, for which he would have received £27. There are at present in Nottingham and its vicinity various bobbin-net manufactories: in some of these plain net only is made; in others, the machines are employed in producing fancy net; while in others again they are engaged at silk-edgings, a great many widths of which are made at the same time, and then separated by drawing out threads between them. A thousand yards of this edging can be readily worked out in a day. The machines used in fabricating all these various kinds of lace are similar in form and in the mode in which they act; but it would be utterly impossible by a written description to convey an idea of even the most simple of them, as the bobbin-net machine is a very complicated piece of mechanism.

After a piece of plain net is taken from the loom, it undergoes a process of "singeing" or "gas-sing," that is, it is exposed to the action of a large number of minute blazes of gas, which remove the little downy filaments without scorching the net. It is then brought to the "designer, and stamped,"

who, after slightly printing on it the pattern to be embroidered with the needle, hands it over to the "pattern-setter." The business of this individual is to decide on the manner in which the design is to be filled up, and to give plain directions to the humble embroiderers, who then take pieces of the net to their lowly homes, where, for twelve or fourteen hours a-day, they ply their needles cheerfully, frequently singing the whole time they are at work, though their earnings are but little, in these days of crowded population and busy competition.

After the collars, capes, and veils are embroidered, they are taken to the manufacturer of the net, who then employs "lace-menders" to examine every article, and mend with a needle and thread any mesh which may have been accidentally broken. This task they accomplish so skilfully, that none but a practised eye could discover the darn; and they receive in return much higher wages than the poor embroiderers. By this time the net is something of the colour of brown holland, and is, of course, submitted to the process of scouring, bleaching, and drying. It is then again examined, and mended if necessary, and afterwards it is sent to the "lace-dressing" rooms to be stiffened. This is done by dipping it in a mixture of gum, paste, and water, then wringing it out, and stretching it upon a frame by means of pins or studs. While in the frame it is rubbed with flannels, and then left to dry in a warm room. It is to the nature of the solution used that the different kinds of net owe their different degrees of stiffness. The next processes are "rolling," "pressing," and "ticketing;" and when these are accomplished, the articles are fit for the London market.

So far back as 1831, it was estimated that the capital employed in Manchester, in spinning thread for the bobbin-net manufacturers, amounted to nearly one million sterling, and that the capital employed in various ways exceeded two millions sterling; that the numbers employed in spinning, marking, winding, embroidering, mending, bleaching, stiffening, and dressing, amounted to more than two hundred thousand; that the raw material (cotton and silk) used was worth about £150,000 annually, in the state as imported; that this value was increased to £450,000 when spun into thread; and that the final value, when manufactured into net and ready for sale, was nearly two millions annually, or, including the wages of embroiderers employed in different parts of England, more than three millions sterling. Since that period numerous improvements have been introduced in machinery, by which larger quantity is produced at lower rate. It is calculated that a clear surplus of more than a pound sterling is realized upon every pound weight of the raw material, which is distributed over the trade in rent, profits, and wages; and this is altogether independent of the profits arising from embroidery, in itself a most important and extensive branch.

Such are some of the results of Sir Henry Borlace's scheme for the improvement of the condition of his poor tenantry. His success may well encourage those practical philanthropists who are labouring to introduce similar domestic industry

in Ireland. There, the problem of finding new employment for females, is in much the same stage that it was in Buckinghamshire in the time of Sir Henry Borlace.

THE JEWS' QUARTER IN ROME.

THE excitement which has been recently created, not only in Protestant England, but even in Roman Catholic countries, by the surreptitious baptism of a Jew child, will, no doubt, cause the following article on the subject of the present position of the Jews in Rome to be read with interest. The substance of it is gathered from a series of papers published in the "Moniteur," from the pen of the distinguished writer, M. Edmond About.

It is somewhat difficult to find one's way about Rome; but there is one part of that city which can be found by the merest stranger, provided his olfactory nerves are not too much blunted, and that part is the Ghetto. Rome is itself a city of smells; but the atmosphere of the Ghetto is a compound of their essence. The result is a smell that "can be felt." The streets of the "capital of the Christian world" are by no means clean—not because there is a scarcity of water, for it abounds to such an extent that inundations caused by the bursting of an aqueduct are not at all unfrequent—but from the great indulgence with which the defilement of the streets is regarded. The windows are only too often opened to allow of the passage of the most horrible filth; and the stagnancy of the air is assisted by the rows of linen suspended along the fronts of the houses and palaces to dry; but that which is observed in these streets are beds of lilies and roses compared to what meets the eye in the Ghetto. In the former, the rain washes the streets, and the sun dries up the impurities, and the wind carries away some portion of the dust; but neither rain, wind, nor sun could cleanse the Ghetto; to accomplish that, an inundation or a fire would be necessary.

The fecundity of the Italian race has often been remarked by travellers, who have spoken of the unfrequency of seeing an Italian woman who had not an infant in her arms; but this is nothing to what one meets with in the Ghetto: there they seem to come into the world in bunches, like grapes, and each family is a tribe in itself; and great care is requisite in walking along, to avoid infanticide at every other step. The elders of the people estimate that there are not less than 4500 Hebrews in this valley of dirt. They sit, crouch, and lie about the streets in the midst of rags. Their type is ugly, their skin livid, and the physiognomy degraded by poverty. Nevertheless, these unfortunate creatures are intelligent, and apt in business pursuits, resigned to their condition, and their conduct, as subjects of the Papal government, is free from reproach. The most thoughtless spectator, contrasting the present degradation with the former grandeur of this people, must be struck with the extraordinary manner in which, in their despised condition, they fulfil prophecies delivered thousands of years ago.

It is a curious anomaly, that a colony of Jews

should be suffered to reside so near the papal seat; and it would be a still greater anomaly if such a colony prospered in such a situation; but it does not, and the reason is that, though a Jew may sell both old and new goods, and may repair the old, and so transform it into new if he can, it would be a violation of the law if he were to manufacture a chain, a waistcoat, or a pair of slippers; in short, he may neither be a proprietor, a farmer, nor a manufacturer. It does sometimes happen that, in spite of these adverse restrictions, a Jew succeeds in amassing a fortune in commerce; but when this happens, he emigrates to some place where Jews are held in less contempt, and the Ghetto is impoverished by the amount he carries away with him.

The reason that the Jew abandons Rome when he has the means, is not that the papal government of the present day is severe, but because of the severity of the ancient laws, which have constantly been mitigated by the succeeding popes. During the middle ages, the position of the Jews at Rome was not nearly so bad as in Spain and France: their blood was not wantonly shed there; on the contrary, the papacy preserved them as a remnant of a cursed people, who were bound to drag out a miserable existence until the consummation of the appointed time: the papal government was satisfied to humiliate and despoil them. They were at first quartered in the Valley of Egeria, at least two miles from Gate St. Lawrence, and about three from the inhabited town. This rigour was somewhat relaxed in the fourteenth century, and they were allowed to inhabit the Transtevera, and finally, about 1555, Paul IV established them in the Ghetto. The gates of this region were closed at nine o'clock in winter, and at half-past ten in summer; and if any one of them desired to enter the Ghetto after those hours, they had to purchase the permission of the soldiers. The owners of the houses they inhabited, who were either fervent Catholics, or religious communities, thought they were fulfilling a pious work in plundering them as far as lay in their power; and this was carried to such an extent as to excite the pity of Pope Urban VIII, who thought he was doing an act of justice in fixing, once for all, the rents to be levied on the different houses. Such a house was let at ten crowns a-year, another for fifteen crowns, and so on, the leases perpetual, and transmissible to the most distant posterity; and further, the proprietor was bound, on the receipt of ten crowns from the tenant, to make all necessary repairs. Urban VIII has been dead these two hundred and thirty-four years, yet his imprudent bull has still the force of law; consequently, rents which have augmented so greatly everywhere else, have remained stationary in the Ghetto. The Israelite tenants of houses live literally at the expense of the landlord. One of them, in particular, is tenant of a house belonging to a convent of Ursulines, at a rent of thirty crowns a-year, which he sublets for four hundred and fifty; and, as the building is far from being a new one, the convent was called upon to expend a hundred crowns a-year in repairs. The convent ultimately brought an action to compel the tenant to keep the house in repair, in con-

sideration of paying no rent. The Jew resisted the action in the most energetic manner; his lease was the patrimony of his children, and the marriage portion of his daughters.

In 1847, the gates of the Ghetto were demolished, and no visible barrier exists between the Jews and the Christians. They are authorized by the law, if not by custom, to disperse themselves in the city, and to lodge where they list. Some among them lament that the landlords in the better parts of the town will not, or dare not, let a house to them; they complain of being forced to give up secretly what the law gives them openly; they accuse the pontifical government of too actively regretting the benefits conferred on the Jews in 1847. They ask for the restoration of their gates, which rendered them interesting, at the same time that it insured their safety during the night. The wisest in Israel, however, take a more favourable view of their position; they benefit by the modicity of the imposts, and by the favours of a high foreign protector, who invariably introduces a beneficial clause on their behalf in all his financial treaties; and they likewise bear in mind, that if the purgatory of Jews is at Rome, their paradise is at Leghorn.

It was not until the reign of the present pope, that the Jew ceased to bear the expenses of the carnival. In the middle ages, he paid in his person; and the populace was regaled with a Jews' race; but Benoit XIV substituted free horses for Jews, which unquestionably ran better, but at a greater pecuniary cost to the Hebrews, who were compelled to carry every year eight hundred crowns to the principal municipal functionary of the city, who received the deputation (composed of the chief men of the Jews) in a very unceremonious manner; and in addition to desiring them "to get out," he, so recently as ten years ago, made a gesture with his foot, significative of an intention to hasten the exit of the deputation from his house. The deputation then proceeded to the residence of an inferior functionary, who demanded, on their entry:—

"Who are you?"

"Hebrews of Rome."

"What do you desire?"

"We humbly implore of your lordship the favour of being allowed to reside here another year."

The permission, seasoned with a few insults, was granted; and in acknowledgment of this benefit, they offered the 800 crowns, which the official deigned to receive. The present pope has relieved them from the humiliation, and the expense also. There is still one humiliation from which they are not relieved, and that is, on the election of each pope, deputies from among them are obliged to range themselves beside the road which is taken by the procession, near the arch of Titus. The pope asks them what they are doing there? To which they reply, "We solicit the grace of offering your holiness a copy of our law." He accepts the copy of the Old Testament offered to him, and replies: "Excellent law! detestable race!"

The Ghetto contains four synagogues; one for the performance of each of the four rites into which the Hebrews are divided, that is, the Portuguese

rite, the Catalan, the Sicilian, and the Italian. Besides these places of worship, there is a small church which has no longer a congregation. Formerly, 150 Jews were compelled to attend this church every Saturday afternoon; there was never one more than this number, nor one less, and for a very sufficient reason, for every Jew short of that number the community were fined a crown. Here those present were regaled, at their own expense, with a diatribe against their obstinacy. But the Jews are a stiff-necked people: you cannot convert them by force; and the reigning pope seems so convinced of this, that he has relieved them of the necessity of attending this church, which is consequently deserted. Nevertheless, there is one conversion every year on the Saturday before Lent. The baptistry of Constantine opens wide its doors to admit an old Jewess, who gains in this way eighty crowns and heaven.

The Jews are ruled by their chief men, under the surveillance of the Rabbins. If one of them is wanting in obedience to the Sabbatical law, it is on the demand of the Rabbins that the cardinal vicar sends him to the galleys. During the inundations of the Tiber, the Romish municipality sent them food, which it had the extreme delicacy to have killed previously, according to the Jewish rite. As we have already remarked, their imposts are exceedingly small, being only 450 crowns, which, divided among them, gives fivepence per head.

This impost had its origin in the conversion of a Jew, some two or three hundred years ago, who, after entering a monastery, wrote a book against his former co-religionists, in which, among other things, he charged them with enticing little children; and in recompense for his zeal, the Ghetto was ordered to pay 450 crowns annually to the writer who had so ably depicted their habits. The neophyte was not immortal; but on his death the convent in which he had resided claimed to receive the annuity. After long debates between the convent and the Jews, the matter was referred to the pope, who advised the latter to pay one fourth of the sum claimed by the convent: but no payment has been made since 1848.

The Jews are tolerated in three cities of the Roman State—Rome, Ancona, and Sinigaglia. They are treated with most gentleness at Rome. The delegate of Ancona last year brought an old act in force, which forbade a Christian to converse publicly with a Jew. The lower classes despise, but do not hate the Jews. A boy one day bonneted an old Jew, but he would not have hurt him; and a peasant has been heard to say to a Jew, "You are a lucky set of people, you Jews; you are not afraid to die suddenly (without confession), since you have not a soul to be saved, as we have."

The monks, priests, and the inferior clergy generally, circulate in the Ghetto without any marked repugnance; but the pope, cardinals, bishops, and even simple monsignori, would lose caste if they were to place their feet within this impure region. The Romish ecclesiastics make a great distinction between the Jews and the Protestants; if they feel a feeble contempt for the former, they nourish a vigorous hatred against the latter.

The inhabitants of the Ghetto do everything in the street; arising, probably, from the condition of their houses. The view which one gets of the interiors, in passing, is not calculated to inspire a desire to enter. During the week they sell and buy, living patiently by the labour of their hands, and very badly they do live after all. The vegetable regimen to which they are condemned by poverty, joined to the want of air suited for respiration, impoverishes their blood and undermines their health. Although near neighbours of the Tiber, they are less subject to the fever than the inhabitants of quarters less low; for it is not the vicinity of the river, but the miasma of the Campagna, brought into the city by the wind, which poisons the Romans. On Saturday the poor creatures dress themselves in their best clothes, to attend the synagogues. On Sunday they keep open their shops until three or four o'clock in the afternoon. They then take their "recreation," in which gambling with cards forms the chief part. Disturbances and quarrels are common accompaniments of the Sunday amusements of the Ghetto, in which they only follow the bad example set by the so-called Christian inhabitants of other quarters of Rome.

SOLILOQUIES OF HAMLET AND CATO.

THE two most celebrated and best known soliloquies in English dramatic literature are those of Hamlet and Cato. One can have no hesitation in giving the preference to the former, in respect not only of its composition, but of its accurate view of human nature. Eminent as Addison is among our prose writers, his poetry appears to us to be in general turgid and inflated, though Cato's soliloquy is probably an exception to this character. It is, however, its religious sentiments we now propose to consider; and these, as applicable to the generality of mankind, (however excusably put into the mouth of a philosophic heathen,) are utterly erroneous.

It is represented, apparently, as a matter of universal experience, that there is among men what Addison calls "a longing after immortality;" and we are told that the soul, "secure in its existence, startles at destruction." This language has been often repeated by others, and, by a kind of sickly sentimentality, the matter is put as incredible, and calculated to produce a shudder, that any sane person should contemplate without horror the supposition of death being an eternal sleep.

Now, we are bold to say that, in regard to the great majority of those, at least, who live within the pale of the Christian religion, there is no such feeling or desire. That every one would wish for an unending life, *could he have it on his own terms*, is undeniable; but take it along with the doctrines and requirements of the Bible, and we affirm it to be the fact that those who have not embraced religion as their chief good, so far from wishing for a future state of existence, would be beyond measure gratified to learn that there is to be none. How can it be otherwise? They know that there are punishments unending in duration denounced against the wicked; and could they be assured

that they are to escape these, how willingly, nay, we may even say, with what delight, would they sacrifice every prospect of immortality, and how little would they feel that they would be most miserable, if in this world only they had hope. The secret wish of all such is, that they might fearlessly be able to say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Shakespeare forms the correct estimate of the feelings of the natural man, when he asks, "Who would bear the ills of life, when he could his *quietus* make with a bare bodkin?" Rely on it, could men be convinced that there is no "here-after," suicide would be a much more common crime; for what inducement have many to remain in this life, to whom it not only offers no enjoyments, but presents unceasing and accumulating evils? The answer is truly given in the same soliloquy. It is the "something after death, that undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns;" and very justly does the same author say, in another passage, that "the weariest and most loathsome worldly life that age, ache, penury, and imprisonment can lay on nature, is a paradise to what we fear of death."

What, then, do we infer from all this? That the declarations of Scripture are in perfect unison with the language of the human heart, as expressed by the greatest of its uninspired expositors; and that death is indeed a terrible thing for those who have not taken the means provided for disarming it of its terrors.

HISTORIC POEMS

OF THE LATE HORACE SMITH.

THE name of the late Horace Smith—once so familiar to all classes of readers—is generally associated only with effusions of a humorous character. He could, however, touch the springs of pathos in the heart, as well as the lighter chords of wit. Meeting lately, on the shelves of an old book-shop, with his collected works, his piece on the Mummy (such a favourite in our younger days,) rose, to use his own words,

"From the dark past and memory's eclipse."

We here reproduce it for our readers' gratification; to a new generation it is probably but little known.

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

And hast thou walk'd about, (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Mennonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous?

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy.
Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade,—
Then say what secret melody was bidden
In Memnon's statue which at sunrise play'd?
Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
Has hob-a-nob'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that wither'd tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that History's pages
Contain'd no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prythee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures number'd?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations.
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
Now worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless Kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confest'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold:—
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd:—
Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecay'd within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh! let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

The following composition, though less known,
possesses also very high merit:—

ADDRESS TO THE ORANGE-TREE AT VERSAILLES,
Called the Great Bourbon, which is above four hundred years old.

When France with civil wars was torn,
And heads, as well as crowns were short
From royal shoulders,
One Bourbon, in unalter'd plight,
Hath still maintain'd its regal right,
And held its court—a goodly sight
To all beholders.

Thou, leafy monarch, thou alone,
Hast sat uninjured on thy throne,
Seeing the war range;
And when the great Nassaus were sent
Grownless away, (a sad event!)
Thou didst uphold and represent
The House of Orange.

To tell what changes thou hast seen,
Each grand monarch, and king and queen,
Of French extraction,
Might puzzle those who don't conceive
French history, so I believe
Comparing thee with ours will give
More satisfaction.

Westminster Hall, whose oaken roof
The papers say, (but that's no proof,)
Is nearly rotten,
Existed but in stones and trees,
When thou wert waving in the breeze,
And blossoms (what a treat for bees!)
By scores hadst gotten.

Chaucer, so old a bard that time
Has antiquated every chime,
And from his tomb outworn each rhyme
Within the Abbey;
And Gower, an older poet whom
The Borough Church enshrines (his tomb,
Though once restored, has lost its bloom,
And got quite shabby.)

Lived in thy time—the first perchance
Was beating monks* when thou in France
By monks wert beaten,
Who shook beneath this very tree
Their reverend beards, with glutton glee,
As each down-falling luxury
Was caught and eaten.

Perchance when Henry gained the fig'at
Of Agincourt, some Gaulish knight,
(His bleeding steed in woful plight,
With smoking haunches,)
Laid down his helmet at thy root,
And, as he plucked the grateful fruit,
Suffer'd his poor exhausted brute
To crop thy branches.

Thou wert of portly size and look,
When first the Turks besieged and took
Constantinople;
And eagles in thy boughs might perch,
When, leaving Bullen in the lurch,
Another Henry changed his church,
And used the Pope ill.

What numerous namesakes hast thou seen
Lounging beneath thy shady green,
With monks as lazy;
Louis Quatorze has press'd that ground,
With his six favourites around—
A sample of the old and sound
Legitimacy.

And when despotic freaks and vices
Brought on th' inevitable crisis
Of revolution,
Thou heard'st the mob's infuriate shriek,
Who came their victim Queen to seek,
On guiltless heads the wrath to wreak
Of retribution.

Oh! of what follies, vice, and crime,*
Hast thou, in thine eventful time,
Been made beholder!
What wars, what feuds—the thoughts appal!
Each against each, and all with all,
Till races upon races fall,
In earth to moulder.

Whilst thou serene, unalter'd, calm,
(Such are the constant gifts and balm
Bestow'd by Nature!)
Hast year by year renew'd thy flowers,
And perfumed the surrounding bowers,
And pour'd down grateful fruit by showers,
And proffer'd shade in summer hours
To man and creature.

Thou green and venerable tree!
Whate'er the future doom may be,
By fortune given,
Remember that a rhymester brought
From foreign shores thine umbrage sought,
Recall'd the blessings thou hadst wrought,
And, as he thank'd thee, raised his thought
To heaven!

* There is a tradition (though not authenticated) that Chaucer was fined for beating a monk in Fleet-street.